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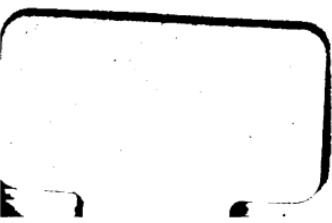
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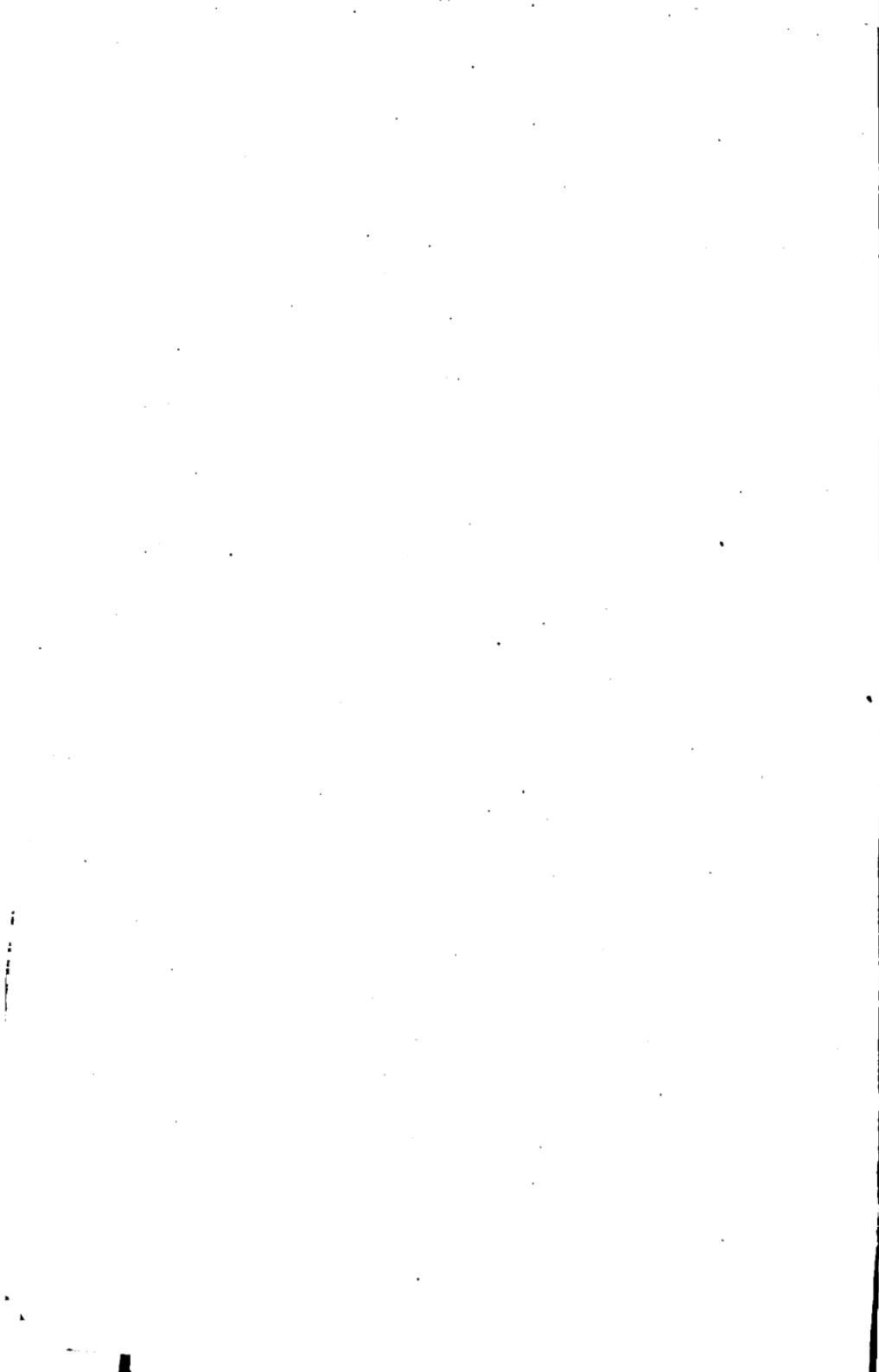
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MAR 28 1929

Armstrong
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THE DRILL-HOUR AT HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

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A Leader of Freemen

THE LIFE STORY

of

Samuel Chapman Armstrong

Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. A.

BY

EVERETT T. and PAUL G. TOMLINSON

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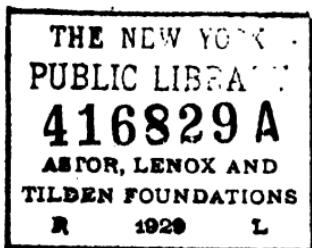
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WACO WOMEN
SCHOOL
WANISL

PREFACE

THIS is a brief story of the life of a man who "made good." Doubtless he never once used that expression. Very likely he never heard it. It is equally certain, too, that he never applied it to himself or even dreamed that he had won any such title. If he had thought so this story would not have been written. For making good is something like popularity;—the man who tries to be popular never succeeds. If one makes friends he does so because of what he really is, not because of what he does. If a fellow's mates do not like him for what he is, they certainly will not be drawn to him by his open efforts to make himself popular. And the same thing is true in making good. Many a man who really is making good would hardly believe you if you were to tell him of the fact. On the other hand, if he should tell you that he is making good you would hardly believe him.

Good old Archbishop Whately used to say of a certain young preacher that "he aimed at nothing and hit it." Very likely there is many a man who may be doing just that as far as his

own life is concerned. He, too, aims at nothing and hits it. A boat never drifts except in one direction and that is downstream. If a man moves against the stream he has to pull and sometimes pull hard.

General Armstrong had two qualities that distinguished him from others. In his life he did not drift and he did have a mark at which he was aiming. And because he had these two qualities there are thousands today who honor his memory as they do that of very few.

Years ago one winter day there was a sharp contest in the band of boys who attended a district school as to which one could make the straightest tracks in the snow across a certain well-remembered "ten-acre lot." There was one there who won every time and he won easily. The determination of the others to beat him was keen, but did not bring success. They watched their feet with increasing care; they walked slowly and carefully across the snow-clad field; but in spite of all their efforts the winner still won. At last he explained to the others the secret of his success. "You fellows watch your footsteps. I don't watch them at all. I fix my eyes on that old elm on the other side of the lot and then put straight for it. I don't once look away. I don't pay any attention to my feet or to my tracks.

They will take care of themselves if I take care to look straight at that old tree that stands by the line fence."

And General Armstrong's eyes were fixed upon a mark. Of course it was in front of him and it always remained ahead of him. But he followed it and his tracks were straight and led him in a straight way nearer the goal he had set.

The writers wish to acknowledge their indebtedness for the valuable assistance they have received. The authorities at Hampton have been most kind in providing much valuable material concerning the life and work of General Armstrong. The very excellent biography written by his daughter has been freely used. For the information provided by his college classmates and by others who were associated with him in college, in the army, or in the work at Hampton we are also under deep obligations. The character and work of the man are so stirring and sterling that there are few young men who come in contact with him who will not be inspired with something of the same high ideal which drew him on. As Colonel Hopkins has said, "Nothing would more surely promote the efficiency of our military service than an adoption of the lofty ideals of duty, self-sacrifice, and an aspiration to

obtain the standard of courage, fitness, and hardihood which belonged to Samuel C. Armstrong."

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CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD IN HAWAII

“To put God and country first, ourselves afterward.”

These words, written by Samuel Chapman Armstrong two years and a half before he died, describe very well the aim of his entire life. Never did he consider his own interests. He threw himself heart and soul into whatever he did, and, always with a definite aim in view, stuck to his task until it was completed.

He made a success of everything he tried. In August, 1862, he entered the Union Army as a captain in the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York Volunteers. Three years later, when only twenty-six years old, he was mustered out as Brevet Brigadier-General of Volunteers. Three years after that he founded Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, and he lived to see it grow into a great school, due, in most part, to his own tireless efforts and self-sacrifice.

That was his greatest work, the one for which he will always be remembered. There he taught the negro youths to become useful citizens, returning them to their people as educated men and women, skilled in many

branches of industrial pursuits. He laid great emphasis on the industrial side of teaching, making it one of his first endeavors that the students graduated from Hampton should be qualified to earn a living for themselves. He realized that the negro's best chance lay in his ability to use his hands skilfully. Industrial education had been considered a failure until Samuel Armstrong demonstrated its possibilities and proved that, properly taught, it could be made an unqualified success. The industrial idea has since become almost as popular among the white people as among the colored, and institutions have sprung up all over the country for the industrial education of young men and women. Most of these institutions got their ideas from Hampton and were modeled on the same plan, so that it can easily be seen what an influence Armstrong's success has had on the whole country.

Booker T. Washington, the famous head of Tuskegee Institute, was educated at Hampton and planned his own school along much the same lines. It might not be amiss to quote his words as he pays a tribute to his old teacher and friend: "I think I am not going too far when I make one other suggestion, and that is that the whole country owes General Armstrong a debt not only for the rapid and permanent growth

of industrial education among the colored people and white people of the South, but it is to him that all are indebted more than to any other man for the growth of hand-training in the northern and western states. It is seldom in my opinion that one individual has had the opportunity through a single idea to revolutionize the educational thought and activity of so large a proportion of the world as has been true of the founder of Hampton."

He was born January 30, 1839, on the island of Mani, Hawaiian Islands. His parents, Richard and Clarissa Armstrong, were missionaries. Eight years before the birth of Samuel they had said good-bye to their families and friends and set sail for Hawaii, expecting never to return. The father came of Scotch-Irish parentage and was brought up in the wholesome farm-life of central Pennsylvania, while Clarissa was reared amid similar surroundings in Massachusetts. Hard work had always been the lot of each, a splendid training for life. That husband and wife were made of hardy stuff and that they were successful in their missionary work is shown by the fact that on one occasion, when Mr. Armstrong was compelled to go to Honolulu from his post in the outlying islands, he entrusted his wife and infant son and daughter, during his absence, to

the care of a cannibal chief. The father was absent for several weeks, but every night the savage chieftain guarded his wife and babies, sleeping in front of their tent.

Stern lives they led and they brought their children up on the same plan. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was their doctrine at all times. In their household justice, truth, and respect for duty were first principles, and right was put before pleasure. The children of the missionaries stood in awe of Mrs. Armstrong particularly, but it must not be supposed that the small boys living there in Hawaii did not enjoy themselves. They rode horseback, swam and sailed, the glorious waters around the islands being almost ideal for water sports. Forty years later General Armstrong referred to his summers spent at a sugar plantation in Hawaii as the happiest days of his life; the boys rode donkeys, ate sugar-cane, bathed in the deep gulches, and explored the wild country and tropical forests round about.

That young Samuel was a lively youth is attested by the fact that in order to keep him quiet his father was sometimes obliged to make him sit on the platform with him during church services, and on one occasion had to interrupt his sermon and stop a quarrel between Sam and one of his small brothers. Like all boys they

loved to play at war; they had little leaden cannon out of which they fired powder and shot, and their heroes were all of the Mexican War, recently ended.

The natives were a continual source of interest to the boys. In particular, they enjoyed the parties at the royal palace, where, to quote General Armstrong, "the gorgeous uniforms and noble bearing of the chiefs threw foreign diplomats and naval officers into the shade." "Soldiers stood around with old flint-lock muskets as harmless as popguns, while the band furnished alluring music, and royal fat females paddled from room to room, the embodiment of serene dignity."

Riding trips through the islands, taken alone or in company with his father, brought Armstrong into close touch with the natives. He slept night after night in their huts and came to know them as a childish race but capable of development, if properly taught; he came to feel toward them as a protector and helper, the attitude every true Christian takes toward those who are inferior to him in opportunity and ability.

His early education he received at the "Royal School" at Punahou, founded in 1840 for the teaching of the young native chiefs. Here he mingled with the native boys and girls,

one of his playmates being Liliuokalani, who later became queen and was well known throughout a large part of the world. In 1855 the name of the institution was changed to Oahu College, and advanced subjects were introduced into the course of study; in fact, Armstrong took the first two years of a college course there, remaining as a student until 1860, when he entered the Junior class at Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.

While a student at Oahu College and when only twenty years old he became editor of a native paper, the *Hae Hawaii*. The king became one of the editorial staff and in a short time after Armstrong took charge the subscriptions increased by nearly six hundred; the natives read the paper freely and the young editor acquired a wide reputation. He was also chief clerk to his father, and these activities, in addition to his studies, kept him extremely busy. His character was also being developed by his work, and in September, 1860, an event occurred which made a man of him almost overnight;—his father died as the result of being thrown from his horse.

It had been Richard Armstrong's dearest wish that his son Samuel should go to Williams College to be under the influence of its president, Dr. Mark Hopkins, who at that time was

looked upon as probably the leading teacher of philosophy in America. His father's death caused Samuel to decide at once, and he set out from Hawaii shortly afterward, in order to enter college at the beginning of the winter term. A month later he arrived in New York, having traveled by way of the Isthmus of Panama and taking ship from there to New York.

He left four sorrowing sisters, a mother, and a brother in Hawaii, and what he himself thought of the islands is shown by a letter which he wrote twenty-six years later to some young people there: "The beauty and grandeur of Hawaiian scenery is a noble teacher. . . . It will make you better men and women if you will let it. Get all of it you can. Your special gaieties, parties, and things are of no account whatever compared with the ministry of mountain and sea. Listen to them. Approach and live with them all you can. Hear and heed these great silent teachers about you."

New York City was a source of great pleasure to young Armstrong. The crowds and the buildings made a strong impression on a youth reared in the wilds of a group of Pacific islands. An older brother a few years previously had settled in New York as a lawyer, and it was at his rooms at 28 Union Square that Samuel stayed, "away uptown and away up in the

fourth story," as he described them in a letter to his mother. Fourteenth Street could hardly be called "away uptown" now. He went to the Academy of Music and listened to the opera, and the music thrilled him. In the same letter to his mother, referred to above, he described his feelings and as was often the case wrote in a semi-humorous vein: "The opera was grand! Quite different from the chorus of ten thousand wild he-goats that usher in the morning and raise their clarion-like matins on the crags of Waimanalo."

Samuel's elder brother showed him the sights of New York, but his stay there was brief, and on December 1, 1860, he set out for Williams-town to take up his college studies.

CHAPTER II

COLLEGE LIFE

DR. JOHN H. DENISON, a classmate, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1894, a few months after Armstrong's death, describes his first impressions of the young Hawaiian Islander (Armstrong did not consider himself an American at that time) who had come to Williamstown to study. A few extracts from his article follow:

It was during the winter of 1860, when I was rooming in East College at Williams, that into my life Nature flung a sort of cataclysm of health named Sam Armstrong, a cyclone from the South Seas, a Sandwich Islander, son of a missionary. He *was* an islander; his constitution smacked of the seas. There was about him something of the high courage and jollity of the tar; he carried with him the vitality of the ocean.

What impressed one most was his schooling. He could manage a boat in a storm, teach school, edit a newspaper, assist in carrying on a government, take up a mechanical industry at will, understand the natives, sympathize with missionaries, talk with profound theorists, recite well in Greek or mathematics, conduct a class in geometry, and make no end of fun for little children.

Like other missionaries' sons, he poked fun at the natives and entertained small circles with the ridiculous phases of missionary life; yet he was a kind of missionary in disguise, always ready to go out of his way for the purpose of slyly helping somebody up to a better moral or physical plane. Sometimes he seemed to have little respect for the spiritual; he shocked people by his levity and irreverence. Yet there was

about him at all times a profound reverence of spirit for God, manhood, womanhood, and all sacred realities. He was also the most strenuous man that I ever saw.

Samuel Armstrong was lonely during the first weeks of his life at Williams. He had been sent there to be with Dr. Hopkins, but he saw nothing of him for three months after his arrival. He had arrived during the winter vacation and the place seemed to him forlorn and deserted, for he was unused to all the ice and snow and cold weather. The beautiful Berkshire Hills he described as "Nature's warts." He missed the tropical grandeur and the splendid mountains and volcanoes of his native Hawaii.

Until the college termed opened, more than a month after his arrival, he lived in a lodging-house in the town, spending his time in study, so that he might be on an equal footing with the rest of his class. From seven to nine hours a day he read Greek (Demosthenes), making up in four or five weeks the work of the preceding term and a portion of the Sophomore year Greek as well.

With the return of the other students to college he was happier. He moved into a college dormitory and quickly entered into the life and activities of the students. His days were busy ones and the studies he pursued were

hard, but he always found time for the care of his health. Every morning after prayers in the chapel he boxed a few rounds with one of his friends, and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when there were no recitations, he explored the country-side and tramped over the hills.

He was a great believer in health and cheerfulness. He became worried about his mother and wrote her: "Don't let your health suffer. There is only one thing that will keep you up at home and that is *cheerfulness*; you must secure that at all events. If necessary, fill the house with cats from top to bottom, tie a dog to every lilac, and place monkeys in every tree; at any rate, keep cheerful."

When March came Samuel moved his lodgings from the dormitory to President Hopkins' house. He was greatly pleased at the change, for he had conceived a warm friendship for the president's son, Albert, and had become a great admirer of the president himself. President Garfield once described an ideal college as "a log with Mark Hopkins sitting on one end and a student on the other." He encouraged the free asking of questions in his classroom, had endless patience with those who were slow to learn; and made the principle of common sense the main factor in all his teaching. A strong

friendship, lifetime long, sprang up between the great educator and his eager and industrious pupil. "Whatever good teaching I have done has been Mark Hopkins teaching through me," Armstrong said in later years. He was also indebted to Doctor Hopkins for the development of a deep and genuine religious feeling.

As time went on Samuel Armstrong grew to love his college as much as he had despised it upon his arrival. He made many staunch friends; was enthusiastically interested in his work; and enjoyed several trips to the Adirondacks and to New York, though he came to the conclusion that New York was "demoralizing." It was with genuine regret that he parted from his college and classmates in 1862 and went to New York, to await whatever fortune was in store for him.

Meanwhile the Civil War was in progress and the military situation had been growing steadily more serious. The Union Army under McClellan had twice met the Confederates and had twice suffered severe defeats—at Fair Oaks and at Gaines's Mills. McClellan laid all blame for the disasters at the door of headquarters and kept calling for more and more troops; Lincoln was eager to give his generals every chance for success and therefore issued a call for volunteers.

Armstrong still looked upon Hawaii as his fatherland and consequently was not inspired with the intense patriotic feeling which burned in so many of the young men of the day. The right and wrong of the slave question began to impress itself upon his mind, however, and, as was his custom, he soon had formed a definite opinion in regard to it. No man of Armstrong's nature could fail to have a strong feeling of sympathy for a race downtrodden and oppressed, human beings who had never been given a chance to better their condition in life. The more he thought about it the more strongly he became convinced that the Union was in the right and that a signal opportunity to do his share in the great cause of humanity was offered him. With these newly awakened convictions, a strong affection for his adopted country began to assert itself within him, and he decided to cast in his lot with the United States of America.

CHAPTER III

LIFE IN THE ARMY

WORD came to Armstrong in the early summer of 1862 that Colonel Willard, a regular army officer of high standing, was to raise a regiment of volunteers at Troy, N. Y. A short time later Armstrong was in Troy, had applied for a commission, and was presently actively engaged in recruiting. He put up a shanty on a public square, scattered posters, and went to work. The undertaking was intensely interesting to him, and as he expressed it, he met the very meanest and the very best of men, some enlisting for money and some solely for love of country.

Armstrong's methods were successful, for he was the first man to fill his quota of recruits, and presently found himself captain of a company. He also prided himself on the fact that his company contained the most respectable men in the regiment. Hardly could it be otherwise with his example before them; they knew that he was upright, honorable, and a Christian gentleman, who did his duty thoroughly and was not afraid to do himself anything that he might require of his men.

His brother relates an incident which took

place in New York as the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York Volunteers were passing through on their way to the front, which may serve to show one reason why Armstrong's men loved him. The regiment was encamped in City Hall Park, and the two brothers were talking together when a private came up to Captain Armstrong and inquired where he could get a drink of water. Armstrong started at once to get water for him, and when it was suggested to him by his brother that it might not be very good military discipline for a captain to be running around getting water for his men, he replied, "The men must have water. I'm bound to see that they get it."

From New York the regiment moved south, traveling through Philadelphia and Baltimore to Harper's Ferry and thence to Martinsburg, Va., which they reached on September 2d. There camp-life began in earnest. Martinsburg was the most advanced point of the Federal lines and should have been held only by seasoned troops; Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson were known to be not far distant, so that the camp was in a continual state of excitement and the green men suffered a good deal from "nerves."

They were anxious times for Armstrong. His duties were many and arduous, and the

fact that he was new to them did not make them any easier. He relates that he did not only his own thinking, but the thinking for all his men as well; in fact, he considered that to be one of the duties of a captain. One night, while officer of the day, he ran the guard five times and seized six men's muskets, rendering them helpless. He had no sympathy with laxity and carelessness; he did things right himself and expected at least an honest effort from others.

Meanwhile, as General Robert E. Lee moved northward, he discovered that, contrary to his expectation, he would be unable to feed his army on the provisions furnished by the country. It became necessary for him, therefore, to open a way through to the Shenandoah Valley, where his base of supplies was located.

Harper's Ferry was the sole obstacle in his way, and by all the rules of war it should have been abandoned by the Union Army, located as it was in a hostile country. A defense was planned, however, and among the troops dispatched there for that task was the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York.

To "Stonewall" Jackson had been assigned the task of capturing the stronghold, and how he did it is a well-known story. The garrison and reinforcements at Harper's Ferry were

cooped up in a valley between three hills, Bolivar, Loudown, and Maryland Heights. No proper defenses for these heights had been prepared, and it was only a short time before they fell into the hands of the Confederates. Meanwhile, the Union forces, pinned in below and helpless, were an easy mark for shot, shell, and rifle bullets; they were badly cut to pieces, and being cut off as they were, there was but one thing left for them to do and that was to surrender. Thus over twelve thousand troops soon fell into Jackson's hands and much war material was taken.

The first Confederate shell threw the Union camp into the wildest disorder; everything was in confusion; artillery, infantry, and cavalry stampeded for the nearest ravine in search of shelter. Nothing demoralizes raw troops like artillery; to sit calmly and be cut up by something against which you cannot defend yourself is almost too much to ask of inexperienced soldiers.

Armstrong, under the gaze of his men, was forced to be calm; when the first shells fell near him he did not move a muscle and in fact felt no fear. He confessed that later, however, when stationed in a much safer place he was far more nervous than he had been before. He kept his company together, made them keep

step, ordered three cheers for Company D, and then marched them down the road, which was crowded with flying men, artillery wagons, horses, and all the other accoutrements of an army. As a result his company was about the only one to come away in good order, in spite of the fact that it occupied the most exposed position of all.

Presently Armstrong found himself a prisoner of war. He had only good things to say about the Confederates; they treated their prisoners civilly, did not exult over them, allowed them wide freedom of action; in fact, they were much like the Union troops, except that they were not nearly so profane. "Stone-wall" Jackson was dressed in an old suit of civilian's clothes and wore a slouch hat; the uniforms his men wore were ragged and dirty. They were fine troops, however. Before the battle of Manassas they had covered ninety miles in three days, and at the end of the march had immediately gone into action.

However, the Confederates were eager to get rid of their prisoners captured at Harper's Ferry. The battle of Antietam was raging a few miles away, and they were not sure of their success. Their rations, also, were short; in fact, they devoured what their prisoners left and reported that at times they had been forced

to content themselves for a whole day with one ear of corn for each man. It was decided, therefore, to parole their captives and send them north. The One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York was paroled as a regiment and sent to Chicago with some Illinois troops. Their route lay by way of Annapolis, thence by boat to Baltimore, and from there to Chicago.

The march to Annapolis was a hard one—one hundred and twenty-three miles—and consumed five days. Rations consisted of hard bread and maggoty bacon, provided by Jackson, and the best he had. Much dissatisfaction had been caused in Armstrong's regiment by the fact that they were being sent to Chicago instead of nearer home, and there was considerable insubordination in the ranks. Armstrong, as usual, made his men's comfort the first consideration, however, and they appreciated it; his efforts were repaid by the fact that his was one of the few companies that maintained discipline and caused no trouble. He reported that never did they refuse to fall in when so ordered, apparently a marked exception to the behavior of some others. The camp at Annapolis was infested with lice and the journey to Chicago particularly unpleasant; Armstrong himself had only a board eighteen inches wide on which to sleep.

Finally, however, they arrived at their destination and were quartered at Camp Douglas, near the shores of Lake Michigan, where they remained from September 29th until November 21, 1862. A letter written by Armstrong from there in October of that year will describe a scene in camp on a Sunday evening:

On the right wing a crowd of fellows are singing boisterously the "Star Spangled Banner"; on the center of the battalion there is a prayer meeting; just to the left of my tent they are singing "Marching Along"; they have just sung "There Is Rest for the Weary." It is wonderful how these Sabbath-school airs have such popularity and such a control over the feelings of strong men; there is nothing that the soldier likes so well as these simple, sweet melodies.

In the latter part of November the regiment was ordered to return to Washington for further duty. The same desire to sing and the same love of the old tunes were still manifested. Armstrong reports that as the train left Chicago everyone was in high spirits, and as is almost always the case with soldiers, they showed their happiness by singing. "John Brown's Body" and "We Shall Know Each Other Over There" seemed to be the favorites at that time.

The One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York arrived at Washington on November 25, 1862, and spent the next three months in being shifted from one position to another. Mo-

mentous events took place that winter, but Armstrong and his men had small part in them; they were held as a reserve for the Army of the Potomac and were shunted about in conformity with its movements. Armstrong enjoyed the winter, however. He ate, slept, and spent his time studying tactics. He was in excellent physical condition, and the responsibility resting upon him developed his character and matured and strengthened him.

He became more serious-minded, though he never forgot how to plan or to make fun for himself and others. He always got on beautifully with children, and this understanding of and sympathy for minds less developed than his own is no doubt one of the reasons why he had been so successful in aiding the primitive peoples in his native Hawaii. The "underdog" was always Armstrong's special pet. Abraham Lincoln had issued his Emancipation Proclamation in that winter of 1862-1863 and it was to take effect on January 1, 1863. Armstrong was profoundly stirred by Lincoln's act; no doubt it had a great effect on his whole life. Previously he had had some doubts as to what he was fighting for, but now they were all dissolved. "I shall know for what I am contending," he wrote to his mother; "for freedom and for the oppressed. I shall then be willing to go

into the fight and you will feel less grieved if I fall in such a cause. You and I will then have cause to congratulate ourselves that our family is represented in the greatest struggle of modern times for the most sacred principles."

How well these words apply to the part the United States is playing in this great world struggle for liberty, civilization, the right of oppressed peoples, and the principles of humanity! Armstrong might have written them in 1917 instead of 1862, and they would have been equally pertinent. If ever there was a just war it is the one upon which America and her brave allies have now embarked. There is no room in a Christian world for nations which do not respect the rights of their neighbors.

During the month of February, 1863, Armstrong and the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York were moved to Centreville, Va., where they remained in camp three months. The time passed pleasantly and quickly, and on June 25th the regiment was ordered to join the Second Army Corps under General Hancock. Meanwhile, the battle of Chancellorsville had been fought, and General Lee, encouraged by the Confederate victory, became convinced that the time had come for an invasion of the North. He advanced into Pennsylvania, not

only with the idea in mind of capturing one of the northern cities, but also of relieving the Confederate forces at Vicksburg, where Grant was attacking.

The Union Army was hurried toward Gettysburg and grouped to meet and contest Lee's advance. The Second Army Corps formed a part of this army, and at Gettysburg the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York and Armstrong got their first real test of battle. On the first day of the battle there were opposed to them the famous "Louisiana Tigers," and a hot fight ensued. Armstrong's brigade charged them furiously, losing many of their effectives but eventually carrying the objectives assigned to them and inflicting enormous losses on their opponents; the "Louisiana Tigers" were completely shattered, losing fourteen hundred of their seventeen hundred men.

It was Armstrong's first real battle. He had been curious to know how he would behave, and was pleased to find that he did not feel the fear he had anticipated. Men fell all about him; the rebel canister and grape-shot played havoc with his men, but he stood firm. No man got ahead of him. That night they camped on Cemetery Hill and the next day Pickett led his famous charge, which afforded perhaps the bloodiest fighting of the entire Civil War.

The Confederates came out of the woods in three long lines several hundred yards apart, their battle-flags flying and their bayonets glistening wickedly. Armstrong immediately ordered the picket reserves, about seventy-five in number, to fall in, and led them on the double-quick about three hundred yards down the Emmitsburg road to strike the enemy on the flank; he stationed his men behind a rail fence at right angles to the attacking Confederates. From this position a murderous fire was poured into the enemy's flank, contributing, in large measure, to Pickett's repulse and the final defeat of Lee's army at Gettysburg. The Regimental History of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York says that "distinct record should go into general history of Captain Armstrong's brave and skilful action at that important point of the battle." He was the only survivor of five officers who participated in that action with him. In fact, he did not receive a scratch of any sort during the battle, and, as usual, he ascribed that circumstance to the fact that a good Providence watched over him.

The battle of Gettysburg marked a crisis in Armstrong's life. He was young and until that time more or less untried; but the strain of battle, the knowledge that he had performed

well, the hardships, and the sorrow of seeing many men fall who were dear to him, developed in him strong qualities and changed him from a youth of great possibilities into a man of judgment and determination. He had looked death in the face and had not faltered; there is no finer school for the gaining of character.

General Lee led his defeated armies southward and the Union forces followed in pursuit. Armstrong recounts that for three weeks he never had his clothes off; he slept as he marched. Sometimes his meals consisted of raw salt pork and hard tack; sometimes less than that; but he grew to like the army life, even with its hardships and perils, its losses and disappointments.

In July, 1863, Armstrong was promoted to the rank of major and sent north on recruiting duty. At first the change was pleasant, but he soon decided that his time could be more profitably employed and he became restless and dissatisfied. Some prominent citizens of New York had tried to raise a regiment of negroes and Armstrong was to be placed in command, but the state authorities opposed the enlistment of colored men and the plan fell through. In October Armstrong rejoined his old regiment in Virginia, but the idea of commanding black

troops had taken hold of him and he was not contented with his position. Moreover, he considered a major to be an extra officer, a fifth and unnecessary wheel, when there was a colonel in charge.

The following month he took examinations for a colonelcy, and out of eighty-five who tried was one of the four who passed. Character, determination, and education were the qualities desired, and Armstrong possessed all three. Much doubt existed as to how negroes would behave under fire, and in addition the Confederate Congress had decreed death for all captured officers of negro regiments. The negro service was not "fashionable." Armstrong had made up his mind that he wished to be put in charge of colored troops, however, and when a lieutenant-colonelcy was offered him he eagerly accepted. He believed that the African race was presented with a great opportunity; if the colored troops could prove that they were men they would be recognized and treated as such. The eyes of the world were upon them; honor meant freedom for their race; dishonor meant universal contempt. It was an experiment, but Armstrong believed it would be successful, and he was right. Negro regiments in the service of the United States have made enviable records for devotion, loyalty, and courage.

It was hard to leave the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York, particularly his own Company D. At first they had hated him, hated him because he was strict and had no patience for anything unmanly and unmilitary. But gradually that feeling changed; the men saw him endure the longest marches uncomplainingly; he showed a supreme contempt for danger and death; he never expected his men to go where he would not lead; and he never swerved from the line of his duty. He gained the respect of every man in the regiment; instead of hating him they grew to love him and he returned their affection. Often-times they assured him that they would "go to the devil" with him, and he believed them, and a mutual feeling of confidence grew up. He had made up his mind that it was his duty to take over his new command, however, and so he left his old comrades and friends.

About the middle of December he was ordered to Benedict, Md., where he took charge of six companies of the Ninth Regiment United States Colored Troops, then being organized with three other colored regiments at the same place. Benedict was a rendezvous for blockade runners, deserters, and other riff-raff; it was unhealthy and many died of measles or small-pox; but Armstrong was more contented than

ever he had been before. The negroes were willing and remarkably quick to learn, and he was delighted with both his officers and soldiers. Before long the Ninth Regiment had outdistanced the Seventh Colored, which had been in training several weeks longer; as usual, Armstrong's spirit of determination and his will to win had been absorbed by his men and the whole regiment became intensely ambitious. The Ninth was soon acknowledged to lead the others and to have the finest camp in the brigade.

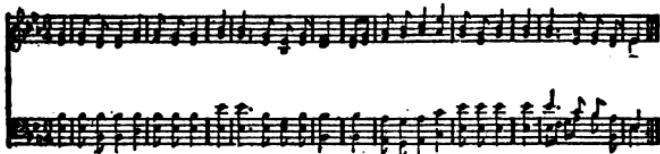
On Christmas Day there was a great field-day. A whole ox was roasted and athletic contests were held; Armstrong's regiment won every first prize and regimental pride was immensely stimulated. A high standard of cleanliness and neatness was insisted upon by him and self-respect increased as a consequence. These ex-slaves were being made into men, as had been predicted; many a master who came to get a receipt for his human property was halted by a sentinel who a few days before had been his slave.

The negroes loved to sing. Armstrong relates that at night they would gather around the camp-fires and for hours would sing the old melodies and songs of the plantation slave-life that they had left so recently. He did not con-

sider their music always melodious, but one evening nearly a thousand negro soldiers joined in a stirring chorus that called him from his tent to listen to its inspiring strains. He was much impressed by the grandeur of the song and never forgot it; he called it the "Negro Battle Hymn," and in later years at Hampton it was often repeated. The music and words follow:

THE ENLISTED SOLDIERS

Sung by the men of the U. S. Colored Volunteers.



Hark! listen to the trumpeters,
They call for volunteers;
On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount,
Behold the officers.

We want no cowards in our band,
That will their colors fly;
We call for valiant-hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.

REFRAIN

They look like men, they look like men,
They look like men of war;
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war.

To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear!
All armed and dressed in uniform,
They look like men of war.

Their horses white, their armor bright,
With courage bold they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march to Canaan's land.

They follow their great General,
The great Eternal Lamb,
His garment stained in His own blood,
King Jesus is His name.

It sets my heart quite in a flame,
A soldier thus to be;
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.

The trumpets sound, the armies shout,
They drive the host of hell;
How dreadful is our God to adore,
The great Immanuel!

Both armies despised the black troops in those days, but Armstrong found that treating a negro like a soldier made him one. They arose to the duty required of them in admirable manner. Disease carried off many of them, however; although they bore surgical operations with great fortitude, sickness sapped their pluck and they gave up easily.

By March of the following year the regiment was ready for service and dispatched to Hilton Head, S. C. The expedition was for the purpose of reinforcing Port Royal, a post which, though surrounded by Confederates, had been in the hands of the Federal forces for over two years and a half. The picket line was over twenty miles in length, and in no place was the enemy far distant; as a result there were frequent small clashes but no decisive actions, and Colonel Armstrong was unhappy. The routine of camp-life was irksome and he longed for a change; for four weary months he stayed there, the only result of his sojourn being increased confidence in his black troops.

In August came the welcome order to return to Virginia. Petersburg had been in a state of siege since June and toward this city the Ninth Regiment was directed to move. Armstrong was delighted. "We are bound to glory with a fair wind," he wrote; "nothing but work-

ing and fighting ahead." As they advanced they had to fight their way along, severe engagements occurring at various points.

The following incident of the approach to Petersburg is described by Armstrong and shows the fine control which he had over his troops, owing to his constant care for their comfort:

Next day there was a bloody assault on the enemy's works, which were captured, and my regiment was sent to occupy a portion of them. I went in under a heavy front-and-flank fire, got into position in the rifle-pits, and for fifteen minutes or more we had it hot and heavy. My men fell fast, but never flinched. They fired coolly and won great praise. I walked along the line three or four times, and as the work was hardly breast-high was much exposed. I passed many killed along my path, and the wounded went in numbers to the rear. Finally, however, the rebels flanked us on the left and forced us out. Standing there in line, we were harassed by an unseen foe hidden in the bushes. It was impossible to hold the position, and I ordered them to walk. They did so the whole distance, shot at by the unseen enemy as they went, and having to climb over fallen trees and go through rough ground. They got back, panting with fatigue, and lay down exhausted. But orders came and off we went to *relate the rifle-pits*.

My worn-out regiment and half of another were ordered to do what a whole regiment had done before, and to take works which twice their number had failed to hold against the enemy. We were to attack five times our number, and that, too, behind strong works protected by timber felled in front.

It was madness in our general; it was death to us, sure death—total annihilation. The order was given "Forward." Off we went cheerfully to our doom. I never felt more calm and ready for anything, but

just as we had advanced a few yards another general came up and ordered us to halt and not attack. He saved us. He was General Terry.

Among his men, and even among his fellow-officers, Armstrong was marked for his daring. Encamped before Petersburg, he placed his men in a sheltered ravine out of reach of the enemy's guns, while his own tent he pitched on a near-by elevation which was exposed to the enemy's fire and across which the cannon balls ricocheted constantly. He was in hourly peril day and night, but he felt that his example of disregard for danger improved the *morale* of his colored soldiers.

He apologized one day for having reined in his horse when a shell burst directly in front of him. He seemed to think it might be regarded as an act of cowardice when, as a matter of fact, he scarcely knew the meaning of fear. He was unusually strict when a question of military discipline was concerned, but his dusky soldiers looked upon him almost as a god.

During the siege of Petersburg a truce was one day declared, to allow the opposing armies to bury their dead. Engaged in this ghastly work, Armstrong met two Confederate officers, a colonel and a general; for two hours they tried to convince him that slavery was a good thing. When he told them, however, that he was a

foreigner, a Sandwich Islander who had enlisted because he believed that war in the interest of four millions of oppressed souls was a struggle on the side of right, they respected him for his high principles. In all Armstrong's life he never stopped to count the cost, and it was typical of him that he should be willing to risk his life for a cause which he considered just.

His responsibilities were heavy in those days. Unceasingly he was forced to labor to strengthen the positions held by his brigade, and at length the strain became too great for him to bear and he was sent to the officers' hospital near Fortress Monroe. While he was there his regiment was dispatched to attack Fort Gilman, one of the main defenses of Richmond. The fort was powerfully defended, and the enterprise was a hopeless one from the start. Grape, canister, and shrapnel raked the lines, but not once did the negroes falter; they were cut to pieces, and finally, having lost one-third of their effectives, were forced to retire. The officers cursed the general who had ordered them to attack, but they were profoundly grateful that Armstrong had not been present. As one man said, "If he had been there, they would all have been in hell or in Richmond." They never expected to hear the order to retreat from his lips, yet

they knew that he never exposed or sacrificed his men needlessly.

Upon his discharge from the hospital he was promoted to a colonelcy and placed in command of the Eighth United States Colored Troops, which were stationed close to the borders of Richmond. It was considered the best colored regiment in the division and Armstrong was very proud of his men; also of the fact that they possessed an excellent brass band, the only one in the division.

From his tent door he could see the long line of Confederate earthworks thrown up to defend the capital; even the tents were within plain sight. Every quarter of a mile a strong fort was erected in their defenses; the enemy cannon could have shelled his camp with ease, but there was little fighting at that particular spot. He knew that he had a splendid regiment and he considered that a great opportunity lay ahead. He longed for a chance to do or die, to be "distinguished or extinguished."

Before the chance came, however, the winter dragged on and the war came to a close. Thankful as Armstrong was for the dawn of peace he felt disappointed on some accounts. He did not consider that the colored troops had done enough or been sufficiently proved. He was convinced of their splendid worth as sol-



ARMSTRONG DURING THE CIVIL WAR.
Brevet Brigadier-General at 26.



diers and wished all others to feel the same way, for he believed that the behavior of the negroes in battle would be the measure by which, to a large degree, they would be judged as they started out in their new lives of freedom.

On April 9, 1865, Lee, unable to shake the ever-tightening pressure of the Union forces, with his army suffering and underfed, and with convincing proof offered that eventually Richmond would fall, signed terms of surrender. Armstrong of course was present and describes the event thus:

Appomattox Court House, Va.
April 9, 1865.

God is great! Today, by his help, the great Confederate General and his army have surrendered unconditionally. I have just been viewing from a near eminence the captive host, the artillery, and wagon trains.

Yesterday General Custer took all the supplies sent from Lynchburg to Lee's army; our army closed in around the rebels, and this morning they found themselves surrounded and without provisions. Early we advanced and our skirmish lines met those of the enemy. Mine drove not only the rebel skirmishers, but also the line of battle. We expected a fight—I never felt more like it. I mounted my noble stallion and was ready to lead on at the word. A few bullets whistled around, a few shells passed over—the rebels gave way—all was quiet. There was a rumor of surrender; we waited; other rumors came; and finally it was certain that the cruel war was over. The first inkling I had of it was the continuous cheering of troops on our right. Soon staff officers galloped up with the news that Lee was making terms of surrender; the firing ceased. It was impossible to realize that the terrible army of Lee was in existence no longer! The truth was stunning.

So the great Civil War ended. Armstrong now received a brevet title of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, but although he was in service several months longer he never wore his brigadier's stars. "I guess I'll stick to the old birds," he said, referring to the colonel's eagles. Glory meant little to him; he did his best on every occasion and while he was not unconscious of honor, he was even more satisfied with the knowledge of a task well done than with any reward he might receive. He was in the service of his God and of his country, and his sole desire was to serve them well.

CHAPTER IV

ON THE MEXICAN BORDER

MEXICO, also, at this time was torn by civil war, and the rebels were planning the overthrow of the Emperor Maximilian, brother of the late Franz Joseph, Emperor of Austria. The United States did not care to have an empire set up adjoining her southern border, so friendly aid was offered to the republican insurgents, and in the confusion it was also deemed wise to dispatch a force to look after her own interests. A part of this force was Armstrong's regiment, the Eighth United States Colored Troops, and on May 30, 1865, they set sail for Texas.

Armstrong enjoyed the sea trip immensely, as also he did the sight of various tropical islands which reminded him of his native Hawaii. He devised a novel way of keeping his men clean and cool on the voyage; every day he had them stripped a hundred at a time, placed in the forward part of the ship, and then had the hose turned on them.

The voyage to Texas was more enjoyable than their experiences after their arrival. As they approached the entrance to the Rio Grande they were shipwrecked and thus the

whole expedition came very near ending in disaster. Armstrong had gone ashore to select a camp-site; he stood on the beach watching the ship bring his regiment across the sand-bar which skirted the harbor of Brazos Santiago. The surf was running high and he saw the ship suddenly stop and shiver from stem to stern; stuck fast, she lay among the breakers. The whole regiment was on board and darkness was coming on.

Armstrong never hesitated. In spite of the fact that he had recently broken his arm he procured a boat, got some Italian boatmen to man it, and took the steering oar himself. The surf increased in size steadily, and at times the small boat became almost unmanageable; Armstrong's arm was still very weak and it seemed a miracle that it was not broken again. He worked furiously, however, and after taking off about four hundred men in boats, the ship was pounded in so close to shore that the men could jump off. Not a life was lost—another example of Armstrong's devotion to his men and of his complete disregard of any danger to himself.

He did not enjoy the life on the border. In some places there was no wood to be had, and the water-supply was oftentimes poor; frequently they could not obtain fresh vegetables

or meat, and always the life was dull. One night, however, Armstrong gave a dinner to the commander of the Liberal forces in the north of Mexico and his staff, which furnished great amusement. Armstrong expected about five guests; instead of that a small army arrived. The Americans were amazed and dumfounded. How could they feed a regiment?

The funny side of the situation always appealed to Armstrong, however, and he enjoyed the whole performance, particularly the hugging which he was obliged to do when greeting the Mexican officers. The conversation at dinner was also entertaining, though not very general, as it was limited to Spanish and the stock of words available was hardly more than a dozen.

During his stay on the border, however, he got into close touch with some of the real things in life. His experience with his soldiers had taught him that polish is not necessary to manliness; there are the higher qualities of justice and clean living and thinking. What he really learned is perhaps best expressed in his own words:

This inner strength is the thing, and it is completed, perfected, and made glorious by religion. Thus one, though poor and unnoticed, may be greater, grander, and far more beautiful than anything that is made of the costliest stone. Men are, as a rule, heathens.

Here [in camp] it is easier to be manly, to cultivate noble aspirations than in the most pious New England village. A greasy, dirty Mexican, fighting for his country, inspires me more than the whole faculty of a theological seminary would. Soldiering has sometimes set me to thinking. My few opportunities in the army have been of far more use to me than the abundant measure I had before. When a meeting-house burns up I care very little. Under the trees it is better—under the evening sky, the sun going down in glory as we worship, is the grandest time and place for it. I am terribly down on two sermons every Sunday. The drawing-out process is the best and truest. Set the people to work and the ministers to chewing tobacco, if necessary, to make them like other men, not stiff and mannerish, but open, free, hearty, and happy. A good, hearty, healthy laugh is as bad for the devil as some of the long nasal prayers I have heard—yes, worse!

Good people try to do too much to dodge the devil and to build up a wall to keep him out. What does he do? He helps build the wall. Meet him squarely; fight the inner battle of self, and outward forms—moralities—will take care of themselves. Allow young people to doubt—doubt anything and everything; don't crush doubt, because you crush conviction too.

Armstrong took a broad view of religion and life. He was probably ahead of his times in his ideas, for now many people agree with most of what he said. He criticized the ministers, and perhaps with some justice; there are poor ministers just as there are failures in every other line of work, but nowadays the majority of them are broad-minded, human men. Armstrong may have had too little sympathy with the forms of religious worship, but he was a sincere believer in religion. Prayer was one of

his readiest aids at all times. His religion was practical in its influence upon life.

Early in October, 1865, he was sent to Brownsville, Tex., and after a stay of a few weeks there, received his discharge from the army.

His mind was filled with many plans for future work. Openings of various kinds were offered to him; but at this time his thoughts seemed more concerned with entering into some work which would be of benefit to the world and to his fellow-men than they were of making money. He desired to serve the Great Master. He considered that his life had been marvelously spared and he felt that it should be dedicated to the cause of humanity. He did not desire to be a minister, but he did desire to *minister*.

CHAPTER V

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU

UP to this time Armstrong had not taken out his citizenship papers. A few weeks before he received his discharge, however, he rounded out his third year of service in the United States Army, which fact automatically made him a citizen by Act of Congress. The thought of it was tremendously inspiring to him. "A citizen of the Grand Republic! To be forever under the shelter of the broad pinions of the American eagle! To be one of the mighty brood of that glorious bird; to call the flag of *my* country that glorious banner that has for four years been wreathed in smoke and torn and stained in countless battles, and now *finally and forever* triumphant."

The last italics are not Armstrong's, but the words are emphasized to show how accurate a prophet he has thus far shown himself to be. Certainly no country need ever fear subjection if its armies are made up of brave, honorable, and Christian soldiers like Samuel Chapman Armstrong. Remember his motto: "To put God and country first, ourselves afterward."

After his discharge Armstrong made his way to New York, and later on, at the close of the

winter, he went to Washington, with the idea of applying for a position with the government; but apparently politics were much the same in those days as they are now, for what he saw disgusted him and he abandoned his plan.

The Freedmen's Bureau had just come into being as a result of the pressing need of caring for the thousands of negroes set adrift at the close of the war. It had been made a department of Government by Act of Congress in 1865, and put under the leadership of General O. O. Howard as commissioner. To him, therefore, Armstrong applied for a position.

People everywhere were asking what should be done with the negro. How could he be made to take care of himself? How could he be aided without making him an object of charity? The Freedmen's Bureau was designed to answer these questions. It had three departments, economic, charitable, and educational; and it was well organized, with an elaborate system of reports from the subordinates all the way up to the commissioner himself.

When Armstrong applied there were no vacancies, but later a chance for work on the Virginia peninsula was offered him. A large number of unruly negroes were there whom no one had been able to manage, and General

Howard thought that perhaps Armstrong was the man to do it. So he became agent under the Freedmen's Bureau and had control over ten counties in Virginia; he was also appointed superintendent of schools in this large, loosely defined area. As agent he was one of eight men who had control, in great measure, over the fortunes of the negroes in the state of Virginia. And he was only twenty-eight years old.

In March, 1866, he arrived at Fortress Monroe and journeyed a few miles to his post at the village of Hampton. Hampton is beautifully situated near the mouth of the James River, and not far away is the site of Jamestown, famous for its historic associations. Hampton had once been a fine town, but fire had destroyed it several years before Armstrong's arrival, and only ruins remained to mark the site of former homes. Negroes had flocked to that district, and seven thousand of them lived, or rather existed, within a radius of three miles from the spot where Armstrong's office was located.

Within sight of the village of Hampton was a sheet of water, the scene of the history-making fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, which revolutionized naval warfare; it had been the naval rendezvous of the war and twice

the base of operations of the Army of the Potomac.

The work which confronted Armstrong was hard. There was constant irritation and sometimes friction between the negroes and the whites. Martial law prevailed at first, and not only great energy and ability were required, but tact as well. The ration question was a difficult one to settle; some two thousand of the colored population had been fed freely for years, and as a result they now naturally were demoralized and seemingly helpless. When the order was issued that at the expiration of three months all rations would stop, trouble was feared, but happily none developed. In a tight place a negro is usually able to care for himself very well indeed.

In spite of his troubles, hardships, and discouragements Armstrong (everyone now called him General Armstrong) was happy. "The work is splendid," he wrote, "and if God leads me as he has done, I shall have nothing to fear. All will be well."

He had not been at Hampton very long before plans for the industrial education of the negroes began to take shape in his mind. He sent an appeal to many people living around Boston to take negroes and find them work to do in that section of the country; he recom-

mended women for housework and men and boys for outdoor labor. As a result of a circular letter he sent out, nearly a thousand negroes were soon actually placed in homes near Cambridge and Boston.

He also recommended that teachers should be sent to him for positions in the negro schools near Hampton. Young women were wanted particularly to instruct their dusky-skinned sisters in the art of sewing and making their own clothes. Three hundred dollars were required for the annual support of each of these teachers, but Armstrong's appeal met with a very generous response.

There were others beside Armstrong, among the men who came in close contact with the negroes, who realized that their greatest needs were common morality, industry, and foresight, and that to promote these was at that time far more important than to give charity or even to teach them to read and write. As he said, "The North generally thinks that the great thing is to free the negro from his former owners; the real thing is to save him from himself."

It was characteristic of Armstrong that he should grasp the fundamentals of what was needed. He had remarkably clear insight into every question; he did not bother with non-essentials, but at once went to the root of

things. He was habitually thorough in every task. In spite of his other activities he did yeoman work with the Freedmen's Bureau until it was closed in 1872, and what he did was lasting. On everyone with whom he came into contact he left his impress; his honesty, sincerity, uprightness, his Christianity and unbounded faith and optimism could not fail to have their effect. And with it all he was blessed with an unbounded capacity for fun; he was human in every way and people who knew him loved and respected him.

During the war he was loved by his men because he was uniformly fair to all and was not afraid to do himself anything which might be required of them. He was a good soldier in war and he was a good soldier in peace-times too. The same manly, Christian qualities which earned him his rank of general also earned him honors in his civilian pursuits. He could work just as hard as he could fight, and higher praise cannot be given him.

His work with the Freedmen's Bureau probably developed his character more than any other period of Armstrong's life, possibly even more than the years that he passed in the army. He emerged from the task a man, full-grown morally and mentally, sobered and settled. The work constantly suggested to

him, however, the need of an educational institution for the negroes, adapted especially to the needs of the ex-slaves, and different from anything he had ever found or known. From the time when he had first been placed in command of colored troops he had had dreams of such an institution.

Hampton was an ideal situation for the location of just such a school. Geographically it seemed perfect; it was easily accessible by railroad; a population of two million negroes could be drawn upon; and the climate was healthy.

He laid his plans carefully and in the early part of 1867 wrote to the American Missionary Association, suggesting Hampton as a spot for a "permanent and great educational work," and recommending that an estate of one hundred and fifty-nine acres, fronting on the Hampton River, be purchased. The Association agreed promptly and cheerfully, and furthermore requested Armstrong to become the head of the proposed school. He had had no idea of such a turn of events, but accepted the call at once. Till then his future had been blind; it had been clear to him that there was a work to be done for the ex-slave and he felt that he knew how to do it. Now he was convinced that his work in life was appointed and he set out with his characteristic energy to make his task a success.

CHAPTER VI

FOUNDING HAMPTON INSTITUTE

THERE was a constantly growing demand in Virginia and other parts of the South for young colored teachers, able and equipped to instruct their own race. General Armstrong realized this need and set about supplying the public schools with teachers who should not only lead their people toward better habits of thought, but should teach them better moral and physical habits as well. He believed that the negroes should be taught to become self-reliant and independent; to realize that labor is not disgraceful; and through hard work to keep out of mischief. He believed that the pupils he sent out should earn their education as far as possible through their own efforts, and that they should be trained to support themselves after graduation by the work of their hands as well as by their brains; in this way they could provide an example of industry for their own people. Mental and manual training were to be combined. These were the methods he planned to follow and the results he hoped to accomplish at Hampton.

He expressed his aims as follows: To train selected negro youths who should go out and

teach and lead their people, first by example, by getting land and homes; to give them not a dollar that they could earn for themselves; to teach respect for labor; to replace stupid drudgery with skilled hands; and to those ends to build up an industrial system for the sake not only of self-support and intelligent labor, but also for the sake of character.

The school at Hampton was of necessity forced to depend, to a large extent, upon voluntary subscriptions and at the start Armstrong met with much opposition. Many institutions had tried the plan of combining mental and manual training, but with poor results, and one by one they had given up the experiment. Armstrong was not the man to let opposition discourage him, however, and he kept on with his plans, working them out and perfecting them. Through the aid of various individuals and societies he was enabled to complete payment for the land he had had in mind for a site; and a long, low, one-story building was built, the material being furnished from some old hospital barracks formerly located on the spot. Armstrong had planned the whole school in his mind—the location of every building and its style. Curiously enough, his ideas were always found to be the best offered, and as the school grew and new structures were added

from time to time, it took shape just as he had pictured it.

On April 1, 1868, Hampton was opened with an attendance of fifteen pupils, and a teacher and a matron. Before the month ended the number of pupils was doubled. Manual work in the morning and study in the afternoon and evening made the daily program. The boys worked on the farm, the girls at housework; they were formed into squads, one squad working two days in the week and studying the other four; they were paid for their work, not in cash, but in credit on the books of the school. Armstrong hoped in this way to combine labor and study so that both could be carried on without interfering with each other. How successful he was the growth and reputation of Hampton bear witness.

He established a vegetable farm and, like everything else that he did, made it a success. He searched far and wide before he found the man he wished to take charge of it as superintendent, for good men then as now were scarce. "I only now begin to comprehend the difficulty of getting the right men for this work," he wrote. "I see why most institutions and enterprises fail. There are lots of men, but few who are good for anything. Many men can talk, can shine; few can do things."

The final step in the founding of Hampton was accomplished by an act passed by the General Assembly of Virginia June 4, 1870, incorporating the "Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, for the instruction of youth in the various common school, academic, and industrial branches, the best methods of teaching the same, and the best mode of practical industry in its application to agriculture and the mechanic arts."

Meanwhile in October of the preceding year Armstrong had been married to Miss Emma Dean Walker of Stockbridge, Mass. Having acquired a home and a family, Armstrong thought for a time of going into some more lucrative work; he nearly decided to run for Congress, but finally concluded that his place was at Hampton and threw himself into the work there with characteristic energy and devotion. His life he dedicated to the school.

Most of his students came to him ignorant of the care of body and mind, and with but little understanding of the real teachings of Christ. Even though they were regular church-goers and practised the outward forms of Christianity, few believed in them and they had no confidence in themselves. What they needed was self-respect, and Armstrong appointed himself to supply that missing quality. "Many people

are good, but good for nothing," he said, and that apparently applied to many of his pupils when they first arrived at Hampton. He believed in working together, however, and coming in contact with his strong, forceful, Christian character was of great value to these ignorant negroes and Indians—for Indians, also, were taken at the school some ten years after its founding; they, too, acquired self-respect and confidence in themselves merely through association with him.

All kinds of difficulties beset Armstrong in his work. His life was a ceaseless struggle with one hardship and discouragement after another; but he met them all and conquered them every one. His attitude toward work is shown by the following little story which he loved to tell: "Once there was a woodchuck. Now, woodchucks can't climb trees. Well, this woodchuck was chased by a dog and came to a tree. He knew that if he could get up that tree the dog could not catch him. Now, woodchucks can't climb trees, but he had to, so he did!"

General Armstrong met his pupils often, both in public and in private. If anyone had a grievance or was dissatisfied with his work or surroundings, he had but to see "the General" and lay his case before him. He knew how to

be severe and had no patience with lying or laziness; he often said that there was no place in this world or the next for lazy men. No pupil ever left his presence without feeling that he had been fairly treated, however. Armstrong realized that they were all human and therefore by no means perfect, yet he felt just as strongly that they were all susceptible of improvement.

He copied his old teacher, Mark Hopkins, in his classroom methods, and like Doctor Hopkins believed that no recitation was complete without at least one good laugh. His soldierly manner and stern eye made him feared by some of the more timid or those who were not familiar with him; but his patience and sympathy sooner or later convinced all his pupils that he was to be loved rather than feared.

He believed that a man should find out what he could do well and stick to it, no matter what it was. Everyone could do something, no matter if it was only to black boots, and he insisted that if a man apparently could do nothing, it was simply because he was lazy, and "God didn't make the world for lazy people."

He gave many little impromptu talks to his classes. Many of these talks bore a deep religious impress, and numbers of young men

and women date from them their first impulse toward a true Christian life. No pupil who heard these talks failed to realize the importance in the general scheme of things of his own petty routine work. Like a private in the ranks, his work might sometimes seem dull, but where would the army be without privates? So Armstrong showed his listeners their part in the system, and as a consequence they gained self-respect and confidence in their own efforts.

As a result of his teachings and efforts, a deep and intense religious feeling grew up in the school and consequently the school-work was done more cheerfully and better than ever. Daily prayer-meetings were held and it was most impressive to hear a few words of prayer or a tale of Christian experience from a negro who a few months before had been living in poverty and ignorance, or from an Indian who had roamed the plains half-wild.

A perennial love of fun illuminated Armstrong's life. He played as hard as he worked and his home at Hampton was the scene of many a boisterous game. When a gray-haired man he was never too old to play tag with his youngsters, or to gather a party in his home for a "Presbyterian war-dance." He liked to tell his children, when an organ-grinder went by,

that the monkey was the real boss and hired the organ-grinder by the month to carry him around and play for him. To prove the truth of his statement he called their attention to the fact that the organ-grinder had to walk in all the dust and heat, carrying the monkey, who sat at ease and handsomely dressed on the top of the organ.

Armstrong was intense in everything that he did. He could play well and he could work hard. To help solve the negro problem was the dearest wish of his heart, and he had definite ideas as to how it should be done. He knew he was dealing with a race that had little necessity to work in their native land before coming to America, and that after coming to this country they had been forced to labor for two hundred and fifty years under circumstances that had not made them particularly fond of hard work. It was therefore his object to teach the negroes that labor could be lifted out of drudgery by putting thought and skill into it; he wanted to give them an idea of the dignity and civilizing power of working with the hands; he saw that through the medium of industrial education he could bring the two races in the South into closer relations with each other; through the industrial system at Hampton he wished to give the students an opportunity to work out a

portion of their expenses, and so produce students who could help themselves and become independent.

He saw that habits of labor constituted the great and only conceivable moral force that would lift the average negro from an attitude of carelessness and laziness into one of real effort and industry. He remembered how he had chopped wood and milked the cows in his boyhood; how his parents had spent their youth in hard work; and he realized that it is only by hard work that character is formed.

Applying this same doctrine to the Indian, Armstrong emphasized his opinion that the Indian question would never be settled until the red men were made to blister their hands. He insisted that no race ever emerged from barbarism except through hard labor. The Indians had been brought up with the idea that physical labor was a disgrace, but their conception changed at Hampton. They were first admitted to the school in 1878, and their coming brought the school more sympathy and interest throughout the South. Southerners who would not have anything to do with negroes were only too glad to assist the Indians.

And Armstrong needed help for his school. Nearly two-thirds of his time was spent away from Hampton in an endeavor to raise money.

His active brain was ceaselessly evolving plans which called for more funds than were available, so money-raising tours had constantly to be taken. He met opposition and lack of interest in his schemes, but he never faltered. People with money are always besieged with appeals for various charities, and in the early days of Hampton, not long after the Civil War, the demands were particularly heavy. His vigor, enthusiasm, confidence, and his very apparent Christian character usually won out for him, however, and Armstrong was not the man to let a thing drop when once he had taken hold. As a consequence, he received strong financial backing and social and moral support as well.

Armstrong's greatest effort to enlist public interest in Hampton and to raise money was the tour of the Hampton Jubilee Singers, beginning in February, 1872, and lasting until June, 1875. The primary occasion for their tour was the need for better accommodations for girls, but General Armstrong also desired to obtain a permanent endowment fund for the school. The singers started with the hope of raising two hundred thousand dollars for this purpose.

The party traveled by day, taking their schoolbooks with them and studying as they journeyed. Their concerts were held in the

evenings and in all nearly five hundred were given during their tour. The project did not attain the financial success that had been hoped for, however. The sum raised fell far short of the figure set, but a large amount of advertising was given the school and interest was aroused, so that the results of the tour, though largely indirect, were considerable.

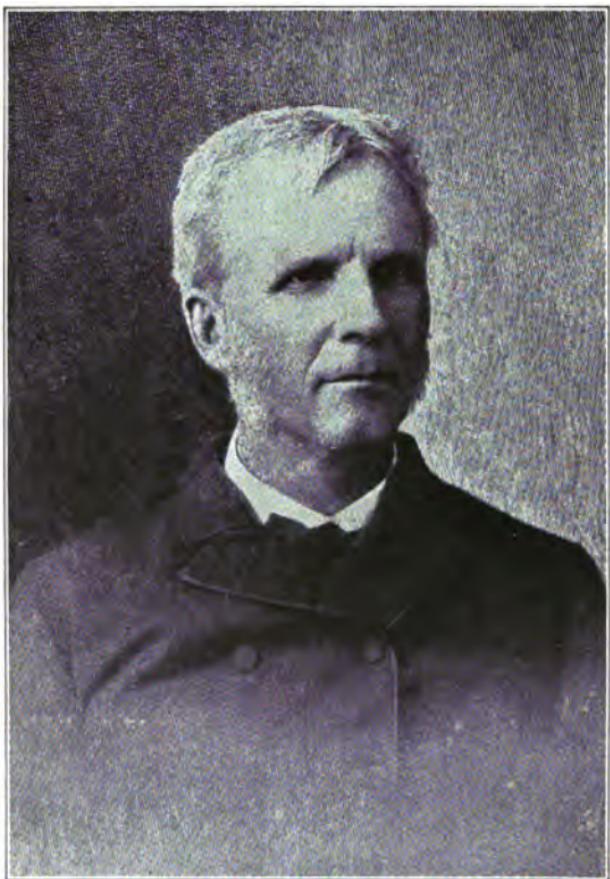
The young colored singers sang the old plantation melodies, the songs of slavery. It was music which was fast dying out and seemed to Armstrong an echo of old times. It was full of wailing tenderness and passionate faith, and in Armstrong's opinion excelled anything else ever composed. Those who have heard the darkies in the South or in the West Indies sing their native songs can readily understand his strong feeling in the matter.

Armstrong, meanwhile, was becoming a celebrity. His reputation was spreading throughout the land, and the success he was achieving at Hampton claimed the admiration and approval of his fast-widening circle of friends. He paid the price for publicity which most public men must pay, however, for he had to sacrifice his home-life and was continually away from his family. This situation was all the more painful to him, for his wife had never been robust, and gradually her health failed

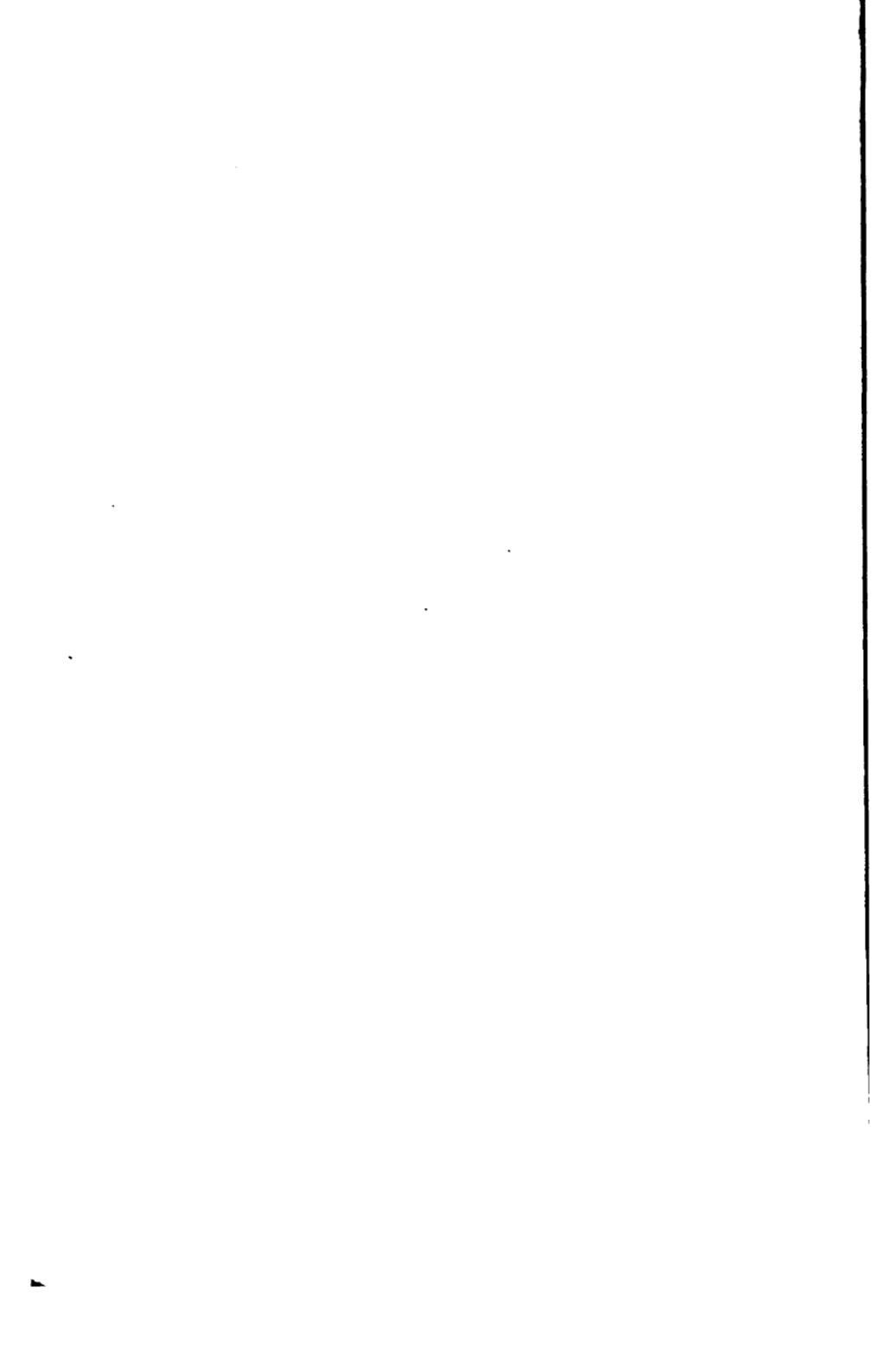
completely. She died in 1878, leaving him a widower with two little daughters, six and eight years of age.

To console himself Armstrong threw himself into his work with renewed vigor. He labored without ceasing for Hampton and of course produced results. In 1878 there were three hundred students in the school; eight years later the number had increased to six hundred and seventy-eight. During twelve years, from 1878 to 1890, eighteen large buildings were erected, at a cost of \$423,000. Roughly, a half-million dollars were spent on equipment, and another half-million had to be spent for running expenses during that period. Some years the bare expenses mounted as high as \$80,000. And Armstrong was the man who had to raise all this money.

He believed heart and soul in his work, however, and through his faith in God also acquired faith in the success of his appeal. "I must win," he said. "I cannot but see that many put faith in me; it would be wrong to humanity to fail, and the way is clear. God has not darkened the way, but his hand points to a steep and craggy height;—it must be climbed and I will climb it." And he did. But he traveled thousands of miles and made countless speeches in the effort.



GENERAL ARMSTRONG IN LATER LIFE.



His companion for twelve years was the Reverend Hollis Burke Frissell, the head of Hampton Institute from the time of General Armstrong's death until his own death in August, 1917. A splendid Christian gentleman was Doctor Frissell, whose life was dedicated to Hampton and to work among the negroes as truly as that of his predecessor had been.

Armstrong usually took four negroes and two Indians with him on his money-raising campaigns. The negro quartet sang and the Indians were a drawing-card for those anxious to see a real, live red man. The negroes and the Indians he considered as representatives of tens of thousands of others of their races, who only needed a fair chance to become good citizens.

"Give us a chance to make men and women of ourselves," was the way Armstrong expressed their appeal, and so intense and earnest was he in presenting their case that seldom did he fail of a response.

Armstrong did not like to beg any more than do most people. "I always feel as if I was sticking my head in the lion's mouth when I ask for money," he said. "But it has never been bitten off yet." Moreover, he had to have money and the one way to get it was to ask for it. To wish for it merely would do no good;

people are fortunate if they get what they ask for in this world. One of Armstrong's favorite mottoes was a saying of his old colonel in the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York: "Captain, when you want anything and can't get it, raise the devil."

For many people an obstacle is something in the way to stop going on, but for General Armstrong it merely meant something to climb over. As he grew older he craved the stimulus and excitement of constant work and activity, and even a few days of inactivity made him impatient.

This restless manner of life finally produced its physical effect, however, and he became troubled with sleeplessness and dyspepsia. But his courage and optimism did not forsake him, a tribute to the clean life he had always led. He tried to take care of himself, but when the welfare of the negro or the Indian was at stake, instantly he forgot his own troubles completely.

His restless spirit urged him on at all times. One of his friends said that when Armstrong came into the room it was as if a wind of strength and healing was blowing. He never forgot how to enjoy himself and he hated long faces. Once at a convention he said to a friend, "Just a minute, till I have disposed of

these missionaries, and then we will go out and flop." By "flopping" he meant to lie on his back beside some brook and watch the clouds float by; now and then his dreams would be interrupted by some funny story or incident.

He looked upon education in the broadest possible light. He believed a good teacher was worth far more than surroundings or any particular method or course of study. He believed every person should follow his own bent, and he considered it selfish for parents to keep their children at home when it seemed as if they might do better away from it.

How he regarded honors is illustrated by a speech which he made at Harvard University upon receiving the degree of Doctor of Laws from that institution in 1889. He said that he knew his mother would take more pleasure in the honor than he did. His mother was constantly in his mind and heart and he wrote to her faithfully, always making a confidante of her and sharing his joys and sorrows with her. Her early training of him and her Christian example of uprightness and unselfishness were two of the greatest assets he possessed.

His mother's life was hard, and so was his. But he believed in hard knocks. He considered that the difficulties encountered by the negroes had pushed them farther ahead than

anything else. The negroes could not stand idleness or indulgence; they could not afford to have their path made too easy. "Development under difficulties" seemed to be their law of progress. He knew the negro character better than almost any white man did, and his knowledge was gained from conversation and contact with hundreds of negroes all through the South. The result of his examination and study of their natures was that he believed in them and credited them with great possibilities.

Much agitation had been aroused over the question of the negroes' political standing and their right to vote. Armstrong believed, however, that their problem was not political but social, and it was one of his purposes at Hampton to teach his pupils how to live and mix with their fellow-beings.

He was convinced that the negro could help himself to a large extent, while the Indian had to be supported. Hampton was well suited as a school for Indians: there was a good tone there, created by the loyal and industrious negro students. On their native heath the Indians had considered it a disgrace to work; at Hampton it was a disgrace not to work. Armstrong thought that the negro had had too much work and the Indian too little; of the two,

however, the negro was better off, for it had made him strong while the Indian was becoming weaker and more dependent.

The Government's policy of giving land to the Indian he believed to be absolutely wrong. If a man is presented with the alternative of work or starvation he will work. Such an alternative did not exist for the Indian. Armstrong often said that the only things between his children and want were his two hands, and he was glad that it was so.

He labored well for the Indians at Hampton, however. There they could not help but learn habits of industry and were taught in every way to be better men and women. Their contact with Armstrong alone was a liberal education in itself. He felt that while perhaps he could not make perfect citizens out of the young people at his school, if they would go back to their tribes and spread a little of the knowledge they had gained, his efforts would not be in vain.

CHAPTER VII

HIS WORK IS DONE

IN the fall of 1890 Armstrong married again. This time his bride was Miss Mary Alice Ford, of Lisbon, N. H., who for some years had been a teacher at Hampton. This event opened to him once more the opportunity for a real home-life, but it was not to be for long.

The following summer he took his family on a trip to Hawaii, to visit once again the scenes of his boyhood, to make a speech at the fiftieth anniversary of his old school, and to say good-bye to his mother, now eighty-seven years old. His trip was one of pleasure from start to finish and he returned to his work brightened and refreshed.

His physical improvement was but temporary, however, and a peculiar fatigue began to creep over him, accompanied, strangely enough, by a corresponding mental stimulation. On November 27, 1891, while he was speaking at Stoneham, Mass., he suffered a stroke of paralysis.

Nevertheless, he determined to get well; announced that what had befallen him was for the best, as everything always was; and worked as vigorously to gain strength as he had worked

to build up Hampton. He gradually grew able to pull himself upstairs, and was wheeled around the grounds as rapidly as he could persuade his negro attendant to push him.

His figure, covered with a black coat and with a slouch hat pulled over his eyes, became a familiar one among the workshops at Hampton. Here he would sit in his invalid's chair through many a sunny morning, cheerfully conversing with the students at their tasks. Part of the day he spent at his office, going over correspondence and fighting continually to stave off his physical weakness, not because he feared death, but because he was afraid the end would come before he had had time to finish the task he had appointed for himself.

In the main, however, he had realized his ideals. He had brought about a recognition of the necessity of industrial training for the negro and the Indian; and Hampton had been put upon a foundation which would enable it to go on with its work. It did not have a large endowment fund, but it had a splendid reputation and a large circle of friends. For these objects Armstrong had striven hard and unceasingly for over twenty years.

For a year and a half after his first stroke of paralysis he struggled against his ever-increasing physical infirmities. After a lapse of over

a year he once again took up his routine work at Hampton, but the strain was too great for him and he was forced to go South for his health, though the change benefited him but slightly.

His body was broken, but his spirit remained unconquerable. Prior to the great naval review of the fleets of all nations in 1893 the ships gathered at Newport News; Armstrong had planned excursions and sailing parties among the boats for the students. The night before the fleets left the harbor he chartered two small boats and made a tour of the fleets; they stopped before each huge fighting ship and Armstrong and his party sang the appropriate national anthem. The serenaders were greeted everywhere with cheers and thanks. Armstrong could but sit quietly and gaze upon the scene, while his still youthful spirit urged him to lead the singing and the cheers.

The following day the fleets went out, and Armstrong, in spite of protests, insisted upon climbing the steps to the top of a lighthouse, from which vantage-point he could see the great ships pass Fortress Monroe and hear the salutes of the guns. The effort was too much for him, however, and that evening he was stricken with symptoms which could only mean that the end was at hand.

General Armstrong realized that death was near and he was ready. "My work is done. I must go," he said. "No man ever realized his ideals more fully than I have." Often he quoted the words of "Stonewall" Jackson, who, as he lay dying, exclaimed: "Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees!"

Like most strong men, when he knew that the end was unavoidable, he wished it to come quickly. He prayed that it should be so. In fact, prayer was one of the things on which Armstrong had always relied; even in his busiest days he is said to have spent one-tenth of his time in prayer. He did not expect that everything he prayed for would be given him, for, to quote his own words, that would be "absurd." He believed that God would give his heavenly gifts to those who asked aright, but in his own good time and in a way that perhaps would not be recognized at once.

He used common sense about prayer and the Bible, too. Common sense made Armstrong a good soldier, a wonderful organizer, a keen sympathizer with human nature, and a splendid Christian. Most men who have gone very far in serving this world have been Christians; it would be interesting to take the names of men successful in all lines of endeavor and see how many of them were, and are, active workers in

the church and men believing strongly in prayer. Possibly the result would be a surprise to many people; the foundation and supports of character are fully as important as they are in any great building.

Armstrong longed for rest. He believed, however, that man was not made to rest, but to act, and he looked upon Paradise not as a resting-place, but as a place where there is no fatigue. When he got there he expected to keep on working. "We must keep at it forever," he wrote. "The world moves above and below." Certainly he had spent a busy life, and he realized that it is only through work and effort that the deepest satisfaction comes. There is no feeling to be compared with that of the man who achieves his goal and knows that he has earned it.

On May 11, 1893, an answer came to Armstrong's prayers, and his suffering body was relieved of its pain. A military funeral was held and the burial took place in the school cemetery at Hampton, where already several of the students had been buried.

"I wish to be buried in the school graveyard, among the students, where one of them would have been put had he died next," wrote Armstrong some three years before his death. "I wish no monument or fuss whatever over my

grave; only a simple headstone—no text or sentiment inscribed, only my name and date. I wish the simplest funeral service, without sermon or attempt at oratory—a soldier's funeral."

His desires were respected in every detail. His grave at one end is marked by a block of granite from Williamstown and at the other by a block of Hawaiian volcano rock.

So ended the life but not the work of Samuel Chapman Armstrong. It has been given to few men to accomplish such results as he achieved, and though his body is no more, his spirit lives on, still permeating and enriching the work he began. Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves and Samuel Armstrong taught them how to use their freedom. He made men out of what was oftentimes very poor material, and he cultivated a Christian spirit in many a breast that seemed barren ground for such seed.

His life was dominated by two ideals—God and country. His way of expressing these ideals was by work. Work he believed to be the salvation of us all—not work for ourselves, but for others. And Armstrong could say what he believed, for he lived up to his words. He fought for what he believed. In the Civil War he battled for the oppressed negro race; when the Civil War was over he continued the

battle for them, and the struggle was harder and longer than ever. For nearly thirty years he labored and his labors were not in vain.

When the end came it could be said of Samuel Chapman Armstrong that his life had been well worth while. He had never considered himself first and, as always happens, was the happier as a result. His life was clean and he never feared to do the right thing. Any man who through his own merit is made a brigadier-general at twenty-six must be a good soldier. Any man who gives thirty years of his life to the service of an inferior race is equally a good soldier. Armstrong risked his life in battle and gave it in the service of mankind. Ever faithful to his country he was also a true soldier of the Cross.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW OTHERS SAW HIM

SEVERAL letters from men who knew Armstrong well in college give an interesting picture of him as a young man, as well as some appreciation of his career.

The Secretary of his college class at Williams writes:

The chief impression that the General made upon his classmates in college was produced, in the opinion of many of us, by his overflowing vitality—physical largely, but not in the least lacking in mentality and spirituality. The first time I ever heard of him was from Denison, who said one afternoon, "You must come over and see my new chum." "Who is he?" was asked. "A savage," was the answer, "a genuine savage, fresh from the Sandwich Islands—just caught. You ought to see him knock me down when I try to box with him; but he's intensely interesting."

One can well doubt whether any man with less vitality than Armstrong could have literally mesmerized mental and spiritual life into that first invoice of ex-slaves that came to Hampton; or done the same with the merchants of New York and Boston when he went around the country, carrying on his overburdened head and shoulders that ideal institute which he made them all think that they could see.

That for which Armstrong's life stands is complete devotion to a high and unselfish ideal, irrespective of any merely self-centered or material consideration. "I'm sorry for Armstrong," said one of our classmates, a few years after the Institute had been started. "I'm very sorry for Armstrong. If he had stayed in the Freedmen's Bureau he might have risen to a high government position, but now he's thrown up all his

chances and gone down there to teach in a small, insignificant darky school." This is the way the beginning of his story appeared to one of the shrewdest of our own classmates. But how about its end? Of this you may read in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and there, or in some book like it, the story is likely to stay till the end of time.

At the request of President Garfield, of Williams, the following was written by ex-President Carter, a classmate of General Armstrong. It was sent to Oahu College, Honolulu, where Armstrong began his academic career, for the occasion of the unveiling to his honor of a bas-relief of him in bronze, the work of an English artist, A. Bertram Pegram—a replica of one in marble which is at Hampton Institute.

Born of missionary parents, among the people to whose elevation these parents had devoted their lives, the great qualities which were made manifest in his career in the service of his country had their germs in the Sandwich Islands. Oahu College helped to quicken and develop these germs. Williams College, counting no other name on the long roll of her graduates as more illustrious than his; none as surpassing his in heroic valor in the material field; none more luminous of spotless honor; none as signifying more heroic and loving devotion to the neglected and down-trodden; none as studying with more statesmanlike sagacity the problems which the emancipation of the slaves made urgent; none as pointing with anything like his keenness of perception and energy of action the only way to the transformation of the feeble instincts of the freedmen into the organic powers of citizens—Williams College, supremely honoring him, sends out across the continent and the Pacific

waves to Oahu College on this glad day loving greetings and hearty congratulations that Oahu College had her share in the training of this great soldier, missionary, statesman, teacher, and now sets his name in enduring form upon her walls.

May this name in both the colleges in all the coming years be the inspiration of many noble youth, and may the great work which he inaugurated yet issue in the hearty co-operation of whites and blacks, North and South; in purifying and ennobling American citizenship; and in making our own beloved country the one land where every man shall have a fair chance, where justice, religion, and charity shall unite in all true patriotism and in common service for every struggling race within and without our actual shores.

Colonel Archibald Hopkins, of Washington, D. C., another classmate, writes:

It is the general opinion of those who knew him that the best all-around impression of General Armstrong was given in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* by his classmate, the Rev. Dr. John H. Denison. [See extracts from this article, page 17.] A series of admirable addresses have also been made in regard to him on Founder's Day, at Hampton. There are, however, a few points in regard to him which have perhaps not been emphasized, but which were by no means negligible in his make-up.

One of these was his keen and never-failing sense of humor, his quick appreciation of everything that was ludicrous or amusing. He would break out over some comparatively trifling incident into rollicking, contagious laughter, and if there was any fun going on within reach he was sure to be in it. There was always a shout of welcome from the children when he appeared, and he would go down on all fours and join in their romps and frolics, or sing to them, "The King of the Cannibal Islands," or a caterwauling Chinese song, one of the most admired of his repertoire. Base-ball and football were very little played then; but he was a bold and graceful rider, a fearless swimmer, and skilful with the foils and gloves, in the use of which

his mental and physical vigor and alertness and his quickness of eye made him a formidable opponent.

Sometimes so intense was his nature in all its manifestations that his onsets in these contests would become so fierce as to make it almost seem that he had passed the bounds of sport, and was aiming to disarm or beat down his antagonist.

This alertness and intensity he carried into everything that he did. A strong and tenacious will that had made abiding choice of service to mankind as the guiding purpose of his life, kept all his powers and propensities under control, and generosity and unselfishness became as natural to him as breathing. His mind was vigorous, analytical, and retentive. He liked to discuss philosophic themes as well as all the topics of the day, and while he could not be called bookish, he was well versed in and appreciated the best literature. As a roommate and companion he was most stimulating and enjoyable, and once he had formed an attachment and given his confidence there could be no truer friend.

Immediately after graduation, in September, '62, he went to Troy, where without previous acquaintance and backing, he raised a company and became its captain. He was soon promoted to Major and at Gettysburg commanded his regiment with great courage and distinction. Becoming convinced that the most important question growing out of the war was the future of the slaves, both on their own account and because of their relation to the welfare of the country at large, he accepted the colonelcy of a black regiment and rose to the command of a brigade. Having determined to devote himself to the betterment of the emancipated slaves, he was put in charge of the Freedmen's Bureau at Hampton and there conceived and worked out the plan of an industrial and normal school, the first of its kind, and by his untiring devotion and indomitable energy built up the great institution which has become his lasting monument.

I joined him in 1866 for six months and was witness of the patience, tact, justice, and skill with which he handled the great aggregation of freedmen gathered there, winning the affection of the blacks and the re-

spect and confidence of the whites as well, against whom he was sometimes compelled to rule in the controversies that arose.

One other thing I should mention, which camping and tramping with him and the early days at Hampton made noticeable, and that was his entire indifference to anything like hardship or deprivation of everyday comfort when he was working for an object. He seemed unconscious of anything of the sort. . . . Nothing would more surely promote the efficiency of our military service than an adoption of the lofty ideals of duty and self-sacrifice and an aspiration to attain the standard of courage, fitness, and hardihood which belonged to Samuel C. Armstrong.

From Rev. H. T. Perry, missionary in Turkey, also of the class of '62:

When as a youth I first met Armstrong on his arrival at Williamstown, his strong, masterly, missionary purpose bound me to him very closely. I had previously reached the decision to give my life to foreign mission service, and therefore we were talking together much on that subject. In reply to my question as to his returning to the Hawaiian Islands he replied, "Perhaps I will try some other race." This way of stating his purpose reveals a phase of his character which may well have a large influence upon young men now. It was not to get or do something for himself in the world, but on the contrary to *give himself* in some service for the race which would be found the most in need, that the light of the gospel might shine into the darkest places in all this world of sin and shame. Because of this viewpoint, so different from that of most students, I was greatly attracted to him. In the line of this clear and vigorous purpose he entered the Civil War when we graduated. His parting word in my little autograph book was, "Yours till we lose sight of each other in the smoke." It was even then clear to us that his enthusiasm was not so much to "save the Union" as to crush the power of slavery in the United States.

After the shattering of his regiment at Gettysburg,

his seeking a position to lead the negro soldiers was in line with his life purpose of giving himself. What a fine opportunity it was to reach that mass of discouraged, distracted humanity! And how nobly he used it! The young men in our army camps should have no lower life purpose. Armstrong wanted to be of use to his fellow-men. Loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ, a determination to do his will in the world, and to have a share in his victory of righteousness and peace in both hemispheres—this is the noble motive which should appeal to every earnest young man in the ranks of our army and navy. As Armstrong finely said, "It pays to follow one's best light—to put God and country first, ourselves afterward."

May this present war develop many a character as fine as that of Samuel Chapman Armstrong!

